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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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Henry David Estlin
from his dear Mother
March 5th 1842.







“ So Emma has had a ride upon a donkey : that was nice indeed.....The donkey is very good for having given my little girl so nice a ride.”— page 12.

PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE
STORIES

FOR

Young Children.

BY MARY HUGHES,

(LATE ROBSON,)

AUTHOR OF "THE ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED;" "THE AL-
CHEMIST;" "AUNT MARY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT;" "AUNT
MARY'S STORIES;" "THE METAMORPHOSIS, OR EFFECTS OF
EDUCATION."

WITH SIX PLATES.

LONDON:

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RESEARCH REPORT

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE
STORIES.

COME to mamma, Emma: she will take you upon her lap, and tell you a pretty story. You like to hear pretty stories, I am sure. Yes, I know you do.

I must tell you about a good little girl, you say. Very well, so I will. I like to talk about good little girls, for I love good girls; and so do all good people. But we must sit back from the fire: the hot fire will scorch my little girl's face, and make her eyes sore. Now, let us begin our story.

There was a very good little girl, and by what name do you think she was called? Was it Emma? No, not Emma; though I hope, Emma is a very good little girl too; but this

little girl's name was Fanny. She always did what she was told to do, without ever pouting or grumbling. If her mamma were busy, and had not time to talk to her, Fanny never teased her; and if she told her to go into the nursery, she used to go that moment, without saying a word. But yet Fanny liked very much to be with her mamma, and was always very glad when she was told to come down stairs again. On one day, as Fanny was sitting beside her mamma, and playing with a pretty new box of letters, which her papa had bought for her, and searching for the letters to spell her own name, she had got *Fan*, and was looking for another *n* and a *y* to make *Fanny*, a lady came into the parlour. Now, this lady came to talk to Fanny's mamma, so that the little girl was to be sent out of the room, and Fanny was told to go into the nursery. In a minute the letters were all packed into the box, and she did go.

Fanny was very sorry indeed to go away, just as she was learning to spell her own name ; but she was too good a girl to cry, or to be out of humour about it. Before she left the room, she asked her mamma if she might take her box of letters up to the nursery, but mamma said, “ No, Fanny, I would rather you did not take them with you, because I am afraid your little brother would put them into his mouth and suck the paint off them.”

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Fanny did not appear sad at this, and she went away, without saying another word, and made herself as happy as she could, with the playthings she had in the nursery. Well! the next day Fanny was again sitting beside her mamma, and trying once more to spell her name, when the same lady came again into the room. Fanny thought every minute that she should be told to go to the nursery, but she was wrong; for, instead of her being sent away, the lady took a little book out of her work-bag,

and called Fanny to come and look at it. It was called "The Book of Games," and had a great many pictures in it, of little boys and girls at play. After Fanny had seen all the pictures, the lady asked her if she should like such a book to be called her own; Fanny said she should like it very much indeed. The lady said, "Then I will give it you, Fanny, for being such a good little girl yesterday, in leaving the room with so much good humour, when I came to talk to your mamma."

Fanny took the book, and thanked the lady for it. She thought to herself she was twice paid for being good; she was paid with a pretty new book, besides the reward which she always had for being good—in feeling very happy and pleased with herself.

Who comes here? A little starved girl. Oh, how cold she looks! Has the cold frosty air pinched your little nose? Your fingers ache, you say; I dare say they do. But you must not hold them to the fire, for that will make them a great deal worse; come to mamma, and she will rub them with her warm hands. Rub, rub away; now they will soon be better.

Who made Emma that nice warm coat? Mamma did. Yes, she did; mamma made it for her own little girl, to keep her warm during this cold weather. Does Emma know what it is made of? It is made of wool: and who does Emma think gave us this nice wool, that is so soft and warm? We get it from the sheep and lambs. It is clipt off from their sides in the warm weather, when they have no need of it, and spun into thread. The weaver then makes it into cloth, and the dyer dyes it to make it a pretty colour. After this it is ready for papas and mammas, and little

girls, to be worn, to keep them warm. Emma's warm stockings, and her flannel petticoat, and the blankets on her bed, are all made of wool. The little sheep and lambs are very good to give us their warm coats; what ought we to give them in return?

What do you think they like best? They like nice fresh grass best. The little lambs are very happy in skipping about in the green fields. When spring comes, mamma will take Emma into the fields to see them. They run away, and then come back again to their mothers; and if they do not happen to see their mother, they cry "*ma! ma!*" till she hears them, and comes running to them. Then they rub their little heads against her, as if they wished to say, I am glad to see you again, mother; I was afraid I had lost you. Little lambs could do very badly without a mother, and so could little girls. Little girls are still more helpless than lambs; for lambs can eat grass, but little girls cannot get

any thing to eat, and unless some kind friend were to give it to them they would die. There is no friend so kind as a mother; little girls ought then to be very good, and do all that their mamma wishes them to do. Will Emma think of this, and always be a good girl? Yes, she says she will. Very well, then, give mamma a kiss, and go and get your coat and bonnet taken off, and you shall have some dinner.

I thought I heard just now the sound of crying, what was it that made Emma cry? So you fell down, as you say, and scratched your hand; well, and what of that? I am very sorry that you were so silly as to cry for such a little thing. We can only allow little brother to cry; he is quite a baby, and does not know any better. But when he is as old as Emma, I hope he will be more of a man than to cry for a trifle. Now, as Emma is a great deal older, she ought to teach her brother, by letting him see that she does not think of crying when she falls down and scratches her hand. Besides, when little girls cry for such trifles, people begin to think them pets, and do not mind them. They then think it is for some little thing not worth caring for, that they are making such a noise about.

I will tell you a story, Emma. There was once a little girl who was so silly as to cry for every little trifle, so that her mamma and the servants were often

weary of hearing her. At last, however, they got so used to her crying that they did not mind it at all; indeed, they scarcely heard her, they thought so little about it. If any body asked what Eliza was crying for, they would say, "Oh! only some little trifle that is not worth attending to."

On one day her mamma was going out, and Eliza wished very much that she might go too, but her mamma told her she could not take her, for fear she might cry and disturb those about her. After her mamma was gone, the servant went down stairs, and left Eliza in the nursery by herself, where she played about for some time very nicely, but at last she went too near the fire, and her frock rubbed against the bar, and was in flames in a moment. As soon as Eliza saw she was on fire, she cried out as loudly as she could, but, sad to tell, nobody regarded her. The servants had heard her cry so often, that they did not mind when she did, they therefore never

thought of going to see what was the matter. The flames soon got up the little girl's frock to her arms, neck, and face, till at last the pain made her scream so terribly, that the servant began to think that there really must be something the matter with her this time, and went to see. As soon as the servant saw that Eliza's clothes were on fire, having taken up a piece of carpet, she laid her down, and rolled her about in it to put out the flame, but the poor girl was sadly burned, and felt a very great deal of pain before her face and neck got well. So you see what a sad thing it is to get into the habit of crying for trifles. If she had not cried so often, the servant would have run to see what was the matter, and then Eliza would not have been so sadly hurt.

So Emma has had a ride upon a donkey: that was nice indeed. And did it trot along quietly with Emma on its back? The donkey is very good for having given my little girl so nice a ride.

Sally held the bridle, you say ; that was, because Emma is too little a girl to be trusted with it by herself. Asses often kick, and try to throw little boys and girls off their backs ; but the reason is, because naughty boys are often very cruel to them, and beat them with sticks. When asses are treated well, they are very quiet and harmless, and will jog along with very heavy burdens on their backs, and what is more, they will eat very coarse food. Horses and cows will eat nothing but what is very nice and good. Horses must have good corn or grass ; and cows clean hay or tender fresh grass to eat ; but the poor, modest, humble ass is content to eat the worm-wood and thistles from off the hedges, and never seems to expect any thing better. But when they can get better food, they like it very well ; and soon learn to know who is good to them. Emma's grandpapa had an ass which used to have a breakfast of corn given to it every morning ; it consequently

soon learned to know where it would get a good breakfast, and it used to come every morning about the same time, just as if it had a clock to tell it as to the hour. If it did not see any body in the way to give it the corn, it went to the back door, and *knock, knock, knock*, went its foot, meaning as much as, here I am, ready for my breakfast. When it got its corn it used to prick up its ears, and wag its tail, and look as happy as could be. In return for so much kindness it would carry Emma's grandmamma on its back so safely, and took such great care not to hurt her, that it seemed to try to show how grateful it was. Asses are very fond of one another; and when they meet they rub their heads together, and look quite pleased: as Emma is, when she sees her papa or mamma coming home. But mamma has not any time to talk any more now to her little girl, so Emma may go and play with her little brother.

What does Emma say? she wants a pair of scissors! Oh! but I am afraid to trust such a little girl with scissors, as I fear she may do mischief with them. You will only cut out that piece of paper, you say, and try to cut out a pretty dog. Well, I should like to see you cut something pretty, so I think I may trust you with a pair. Sit down on the carpet, and spread out your frock: you know, that if you do not spread out your frock, the pieces of paper will fall on the carpet, and then the servant would have a great deal of trouble to make it clean again.

Well, what is that you have cut—a dog? but it has no head, and only three legs; dogs, as you know, have four legs, so you must cut another. But you want more paper; I will see if I can find you some, as you sit and cut so nicely without doing any mischief. Emma must often have a pair of scissors, if she only cut what mamma gives her leave to cut. But I have known some naughty little

girls that cut their frocks or their mamma's work, or any thing they could get hold of. One day, a little girl that I knew got hold of her mamma's scissors while she was out of the room, and what do you think she did? why, she cut all her hair from off her forehead, and made herself quite a little fright. Her mamma was very angry when she came into the parlour, and saw her little girl such a figure, and would not let her have a pair of scissors again for a very long time. And when people saw her, they used to say, "Look at that little girl, how ugly she looks! what a silly little girl she must be to cut her hair off! I hope her mamma will take care not to let her have a pair of scissors again." Emma, I am sure, will take care not to do as this little girl did; but will ask mamma's leave before she begins to cut any thing.

Emma, here is a letter for you, from your little cousin John: make haste, and I will read it to you.

How clever it is for cousin John to be able to write a letter! You would like to write a letter, would you not? But you know you cannot write; you have not yet learned to write. I hope you will make haste and learn to read, and then papa will teach you to write. You want to know when papa will begin to teach you? Why, that will depend upon yourself; if you take pains, and learn to read this book all through, without stopping to spell a single word, then papa will begin to teach you to write, and it will be very nice when you are able to write a letter to your cousin John in return for this. But we must read it.

“Cousin Emma,—I am going to tell you about a Cat and some Rabbits that I have got. They all play together in the yard; and sometimes the cat tries to teach the rabbits to catch mice. They

will all eat off the same dish together. One day they had some beef, and bread, and cabbage, set before them on the same plate. The cat agreed that the rabbits might have the cabbage, while puss took the beef herself; but, when the cat was eating some bread, the rabbit bit at the other end. Pussy did not like that, so she hit the rabbit with her paw, and after that they were very good friends again, and ate all up. I cannot tell you any thing more about them now, for my hand is tired with writing; but I wish you would come here, and I will let you see them. This letter is from your cousin John."

Now, is not this a very pretty letter, think you, Emma? Should not you like to see puss and the rabbits playing and eating together? Yes, I am sure you would. Well, then, be a good girl, and I will take you some day to see your cousin John, and his cat and rabbits.

Spring is come now, Emma, and it is time to begin to work in the garden. Mamma will give her Emma a little garden for her own use. Last summer she was too little to have a garden ; she could not dig it, nor do any thing to it herself, so it would have been of no use for her to have had one. But now, as she is a great deal bigger, mamma will buy her a little spade, and she will dig the ground and put in the flowers. Then the sun will shine upon them and warm them, and the rain will water them, so that they will soon get to be such pretty flowers as mamma has in her garden.

In winter it is very cold, and there is a great deal of ice and snow. The ground is hard, so that the flowers cannot grow. But when the warm spring comes, the sun begins to shine with great power, the wind is soft and warm, and the rain comes down to make the ground soft. Then the little flowers raise their heads : the little snow-drops peep out first, and the crocus ; then come the

primrose and the violet, and after them a great many other flowers. Emma does not know what pretty flowers mamma has in her garden; she was such a little girl last summer that she has forgotten them now. Besides, she then did not know how to take care of flowers; she used to pull them in pieces, and did not keep them to smell at and admire. Mamma was forced to watch her very closely when she was in the garden; for, if mamma did not happen to be looking, she would soon snap off the heads of some of her pretty flowers. But Emma knows a great deal better now, and will not pull the flowers, I am sure, without asking mamma's leave.

When the gooseberries and currants come upon the trees, she must take care not to eat them, or Emma will make herself ill. Naughty boys and girls sometimes eat the green gooseberries, and currants, and strawberries, and make themselves very ill; they get a sad pain in their stomachs, and are forced to take

physic to make them better. But, when the fruit is ripe, it is very good for them, and papas and mammas like to give it to good children.

When the front door is open, Emma must be sure not to go out into the street, or she may lose herself, and that would be a very sad thing indeed. I am sure Emma would not like to get to a place where she could not find the way back to mamma again: what could Emma do without mamma? and what could mamma do without her little girl?

There was once a naughty little girl who did not care for what her mamma said to her, and one morning, though she had been told not to go into the street by herself, she set off the very first time that she saw the door open. She was so silly as to fancy she could take care of herself, and find her way back again as soon as she wished to go home. So she went along, first into one street and then into another, looking about at all things as she passed, and never once thinking about home. She never thought how unhappy her mamma would be when she found her little girl was gone from home. At last she began

to feel tired, and thought she would go home again, but when she turned round she could not tell which way to go; she walked about through one street after another, but could not see any house that looked like her mamma's.

After she had been out a long time she began to feel very hungry, and when she looked at the shops which had nice cakes at their windows, she wished very much for some of them; but she had no money, nor any body with her to buy her some of them. The longer she walked, the farther she was from home, for she had got into places that she had never seen before, and she began to feel very much afraid.

At length she saw that night was coming on, and that it would be very soon dark. She was besides tired, and cold, and hungry, and she began to cry sadly. She thought what a sad thing it would be to stay in the street all the night, without any bed to sleep on, or any clothes to keep her warm. She

wished very much that she had not been such a naughty girl, but had minded what her mamma had said to her. She found that the people who passed her in the street, were not so kind and good as her mamma, as they did not seem to care about her, though she cried very loudly, and was shivering with cold.

It grew so dark that she could not see the people near her; but a woman closely passing her, saw her, and asked her what was the matter; the little girl told her that she had lost herself, and could not find the way back to her mamma's house. The woman said she would take her to it: so the little girl was very glad; and after they had walked a long way, they came to a house, but the little girl knew that it was not her mamma's. She said, "This is not my mamma's house—my mamma's house has steps to go up to the door, and a lamp at the top, which always burns at night." The woman said, "I know very well this is not your mamma's

house ; it is mine, and you are my little girl now.”

The little girl cried very much, and begged to be taken home, but the woman said, “No, you will never see home again, nor your mamma, nor your brothers, nor sisters ; for I shall keep you, and I shall beat you if you tell any one this is not your home.” The little girl cried more than before ; but she did not dare say a word, for the naughty woman shewed her a large whip, with which, she said, she would beat her if she spoke. Then she took off the clothes the little girl had on, and put on her some old shabby ones, and took her into a ship, which was near the house. Very soon after the ship sailed away, and this naughty little girl never saw her kind mamma, or her nice home, any more.

Here is Emma's breakfast—come, sit down and eat it. Nice bread and milk! how sweet and good the milk tastes! Who gave Emma this fine milk? Mamma. Yes, mamma gave it to Emma; but where did mamma get it? The cows give milk to mamma for good little girls. Thank you, pretty cows, you are very good to give us your milk; for nothing is so good for breakfast and supper. It makes little girls grow strong and healthy; Emma will soon be tall if she take plenty of milk and bread. Does Emma know what bread is made of? It is made of corn. Corn grows in the fields; the farmer ploughed that field which Emma can see from the window, before the winter came. When it was ploughed and made soft, he strewed some corn over it, and covered it with earth. It lay all the winter in the ground; and now Emma may see a great many blades of grass springing up; and as the warm weather comes on, that grass will grow into long,

tall stalks, almost as tall as mamma. Then corn will come again at the top of it,—a great deal more than the farmer put into the ground. When the sun has made it quite hard and ripe, he cuts it down, and sends it to the mill to be ground into flour; then it is made into bread for us to eat. You know she mixed it with water, and made it into paste; then she put it into the oven to bake, and it came out so nice and sweet a loaf, that Emma liked very much to have a slice of it. The farmer ploughs the ground with a plough, which is drawn along by horses or oxen; then, after the corn is put in, he makes it smooth with what is called a harrow. When the corn is ripe, it is cut down with a hook, and tied up in bundles, which are called sheaves, and left in the field till it is quite dry; then it is carried to the barn, and the corn knocked from off the stalks with a long stick, which is called a flail: this is called threshing. When the corn is all beat from off the

stalks, they are called straw; and the dry skins, which are knocked off the corn, are called chaff. Poor people often make beds of the chaff; but it does not make very soft beds,—not half so soft as feathers: people who are poor, and have not money to buy feathers, are very glad of it.

But, now I want to know if Emma can tell what the cup which she is drinking her breakfast out of, is made of. She cannot,—then I will tell her,—it is made of clay. Clay is dug out of the ground; it is made soft by being mixed with water, and boiled: it is then very like the paste which the cook made into a loaf. The man who works the clay is called a potter; he makes it into plates and dishes, and cups and saucers, and a great many other things. After these have stood for some time to dry, they are put into an oven and baked; and when they come out of the oven, they are quite hard, as the cup is, out of which Emma is now drinking, and are

very nice clean things for us to take our food out of. But now Emma has drank all her milk, and eaten her bread, so mamma must get to her work, and Emma may go and play in the garden.

Emma, I have a sad tale to tell you : poor little cousin Thomas has had a sad fall, and has broken his arm. Feel this bone in your own arm ; do you not think it would be a very sad thing to have it broken? The bone that is in little cousin Thomas's arm, the same as this in yours, is broken in two; and the doctor was obliged to give him a great deal of pain before he could join it again. And it will be a very long time before he will be able to move his arm, or make any use of his hand.

I am sorry to say he got it by being a naughty boy; he climbed up a very high wall that his papa had told him not to get upon. As soon as his papa had gone away, Thomas mounted up, and very soon tumbled down. It is very naughty, when little boys and girls do not mind what is said to them; they may be sure that papas and mammas know better than they do. It is a very bad thing to climb upon high places; for, if they fall down, they are almost sure to be hurt.

I saw Emma climb the other day, but I hope she will not do so again, lest she should fall and break her arm, as her cousin Thomas has done. Besides, climbing is not at all fit for girls. It is not proper for boys to climb; and it is less so for girls. Girls ought to play with dolls and skipping-ropes, and work in their gardens, and such like things; but not to climb and romp as boys do.

Boys often tear and dirty their clothes; but girls' clothes are much sooner spoiled, and it gives their mammas a great deal of trouble to mend them again.

Does Emma know what her frock is made of?

It is made of muslin.

Yes, it is; and muslin is made of cotton. Cotton grows upon trees, and comes out in large pods on the branches. The country where the cotton-trees grow is at a long, long distance from here, across the seas a great many hundred miles, and is called the West Indies. People go thither in large ships, and

bring it over to England. You know that they call the country we live in, England. When it comes to England, it is beat with sticks to make it soft, and to take all the dirt out of it; then it is spun out into a very fine thread, and woven into calico and muslin.

It is a very good thing to make clothes of, for it can be washed whenever we please, and make it as clean as when it was new. Your frock is rather dirty now, but it will be as pretty and white again as ever, after it has been washed. Yet there is no need that Emma should make herself dirty, because her frock can be so soon washed again. Little girls, and every body else, always look better clean than dirty; besides, it is healthy to be clean, and they are nasty people indeed, who choose to be dirty.





"It is summer now, Emma, and we will go into the fields to see the hay-makers." — page 33.

It is summer now, Emma, and we will go into the fields to see the hay-makers. The mower is cutting the grass down with his long scythe. Look, it is like a very long sharp knife, and he draws it along the bottom of the grass, and cuts a great deal down at once. The hay-makers will come very soon and throw it about, that it may get quite dry; then they will rake it all into a heap with their rakes, and make it into a stack. It is kept till winter, for horses and cows to feed upon, when the fresh grass is all gone. They do not like it so well as grass, but they are very glad of it when there is no grass to be had.

I dare say they are always very glad when the summer comes round: it is much more pleasant to roam about a green field, and crop the fresh juicy grass, than to be shut up in a stable with only dry hay to eat. Summer is a pleasant time of the year; every thing seems to flourish and be happy in the summer. But does Emma know that there are

some countries where there is no other season but summer ?

It is in those countries always hot weather and bright sunshine. The people never see any snow or feel the blast of cold winds. How nice that must be! you may say, and you should like to go there; I dare say the people think so who live there. People almost always think the country they themselves live in the best in the world. But then, they have not such pretty green fields as we have in the summer: the hot sun scorches the grass, and makes it look dry and brown. They have besides such strong winds, that sometimes their houses are blown down, and large trees are pulled up by the roots. Do you think you would like that? Not at all, I dare say. No, no, our own dear England is as good a country as any we could go to. So I think we had better stay where we are, and try to make ourselves happy in every season.

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" Look, Emma, what three pretty kittens Fuss has got! Their mother is very much afraid of us, lest we should hurt them."—page 35.

Look, Emma, what three pretty kittens Puss has got! How soft and sleek their skins are! Poor little things! as you see, they are quite blind, and seem very helpless. Their mother is very much afraid of us, lest we should hurt them; see how she keeps putting up her paws and mewling, as much as to say, Pray give me my young ones again! nobody can take care of them as well as I do myself.

Now, look, she takes hold of the neck of one of them, and carries it off. Do not be afraid, for she will not hurt it. She likes her kittens too well to hurt them; and you know, it is the only way she is able to carry them. She has not hands, as we have; and she needs all her four feet to walk with. She takes hold of it very softly; and, after she has laid it down on its bed, she will come for another.

Oh, here she comes! She will be very happy soon, when she has got them all

safely into bed again ; where she will be purring at, and fondling them.

Cats are very useful creatures in a house, for they keep it clear of mice. If we had not a cat, the mice would soon come and cheat us out of our pies and tarts. Mice are very fond of every thing which is made of flour or oatmeal; and they like it still better if it have butter, or any thing that is greasy in it. Cheese, too, they like dearly; and often lose their lives in trying to get at it.

Those people who do not like to have cats in their houses, get traps to catch the mice with; and put bits of cheese to tempt the little thieves into them. They soon smell the cheese, and lick their lips, I dare say, and think they are going to get a nice dinner or supper; but, as soon as they put in their noses to get a bite, off goes a spring, and makes them close prisoners. Silly little things! if they were not so fond of pleasing their

palates, they would not so often lose their lives.

It is a sad thing to be too fond of eating, and nobody pities those who suffer from it; but mice do not know any better, so that they ought not to be blamed, for they do not know that it is wrong.

When little girls, or boys, eat till they make themselves ill, people are sure to despise them, and call them gluttons. I hope Emma will never do a thing so naughty as to eat till she is ill; for mamma would be sadly ashamed of her little girl, if she did. It is very right for people to eat when they are hungry. We could not live without eating; but it is wrong indeed for us to eat after we have had enough.

I am going to take Emma to let her see the dairy-maid make butter ; come, make haste, and let us go into the dairy, for she is just going to begin.

Look what a great deal of cream ; you would like to taste it ; but it is not fit to drink ; besides, it is quite sour. It has been kept a great many days, because there is not enough of cream got off the milk in one day, to be worth churning.

Now, you see, Dolly is pouring it into the churn. She has made the churn quite fast, that the cream may not get out. Now she is turning it round, and must do so a long time before there is any butter.

After the butter is made, Dolly will wash it well in clean cold water, and put some salt in it ; then it is made up into round cakes, and brought to table for us to eat. When the butter is made, the thick milk that is left is called buttermilk, and is very pleasant to drink in warm weather.

When people wish to make cheese

instead of butter, they put something into the cream which makes it to curdle; then they strain the curd from the thin part, which is called whey, and press it in a box in the shape of a cheese, till it be dry and firm. They then take it out of the press, and lay it upon a shelf to dry still more. After it has stood some months, perhaps a year, it is sent to market and sold. You see what a great many good things we get from cows, Emma; such as milk, butter, and cheese; besides all these, their young ones are killed to provide veal for us; and then, after all, when they themselves are killed, we eat their flesh, which is called beef.

Cows and oxen are killed for beef; calves for veal; sheep for mutton; and pigs for pork. When sheep are young, they are called lambs, and their flesh is called lamb. It is a pity that such pretty little things as lambs should be killed; but, if they were not, there would soon be too many of them to get food. Be-

sides, we should not have enough of meat without them; and their short life is a happy one.

Now the hay is all made, and the corn is ready to be cut; see how busy the reapers are in cutting it down. This is called harvest-time, and the weather is very fine. Every body is glad when it is fine harvest weather; for we all like good bread to eat. Bread is called the staff of life, because it gives people more strength than any thing else that they eat. If the weather be wet when the corn is cut, it very soon spoils; then bad corn makes bad bread, and people often become ill, by eating bad bread.

So you see what a sad thing it would be if we had not good harvest weather; and how thankful we ought to be to Him who gives us good corn, and so many other good things.

Look what a great many boys, and girls, and old women there are, straying about the field ! They are gleaners ; they have come to pick up the ears of corn that have fallen out of the reapers' hands. The master of the field gives them leave ; and it does them a great service. You see what large bundles of corn they have ; they take that corn home, and get it ground at the mill, and then they have some nice wholesome bread, without paying any money for it.

But they must not take any of the corn out of those sheaves, because they have not leave to take that ; it would be stealing, if they were to do so.

Look what a pretty little girl she is, who keeps picking up the ears of corn without ever standing to rest or look about her !

Come hither, little girl, and tell me your name : she says her name is Mary, and that her father is dead, and her mother is ill at home, and is not able to work for her and her little brothers and

sisters. She has not time to be idle, for if she does not glean some corn, they will have no bread to eat at home.

Has Emma any thing that she can give to this little girl? Yes; I am glad to hear her say she has. Come to Emma's house, little girl, and she will give you some of her dinner to take home to your sick mother.

Look how happy the little girl looks! and Emma will feel happy too, because she will know that she has done good. Here, little girl, here is some good pudding, and some meat, and some bread, for you to take home to your mother; and there is some for your brothers and sisters, and yourself. Good bye, little girl.

How happy she looks! Oh! it is a pleasant thing to make people happy.

Come, let us sit down under the shade of this tree ; it will keep us cool, while the close thick green leaves will shade the sun from us. Look at the cows ! some are under the shade, while others stand in the middle of the pond, as if they could not bear the heat.

The fowls and turkeys have crept under the hedge, and the quiet ass has got into the very corner of the field. Every living creature seems to be glad to get out of the way of the hot sun, but the large house dog : he lies stretched out all his length fast asleep, whilst the scorching sun beams upon him. Nothing disturbs him but the busy fly : look how he starts and snaps his teeth, and then sleeps again. Poor Tray ! we ought to be kind to him ; he is a faithful fellow, and takes great care to guard our house from naughty men, who would do us harm. Though he likes so well to lie and sleep either in the hot sun or before the kitchen fire, he would soon rouse up if any one came near him.





" Poor Tray we ought to be kind to him ; he is a faithful fellow.....Though he likes so well to lie and sleep either in the hot sun or before the kitchen fire, he would soon rouse up if any one came near him." — page 41.

When he hears the sound of a foot-step, he raises his head to look who it is; if he sees that it is one of the family, he lays it down, and goes very quietly to sleep again; but, if it should be a stranger, he gets up, and either barks, to let us know that there is somebody come that he does not know, or he follows them about, and watches them, to see if they do any harm, or offer to take any thing away. If they should attempt to steal, he would soon seize them, and would be ready to tear them to pieces. Do you not think then that we ought to be very kind to Tray, when he takes such care of us? Yes, I am sure you think we ought. We will feed him well, and give him a snug house to live in, and will stroke his head, and clap his back, for he likes dearly to be clapped and talked to.

I think I heard a little girl scream just now, as if she were in a violent passion. Oh! I hope it was not my little Emma who could be so naughty. Emma will

grieve her mamma sadly if she behaves so ill. People will be afraid to come near her, lest she should scratch or bite, for they will think she is a little mad girl.

If I see her again in such a humour, I think I shall have to tie her to the table, and her hands behind her back, for I shall be afraid lest she should scratch her little brother's eyes out, or tear his hair from off his head.

If Emma love her mamma, she will take care never to behave so again, for mamma cannot love little girls who get into such humours.

I will tell Emma a story about a little boy whom I once knew. He was a very naughty little boy, and used often to get into such passions as Emma was in just now; one day, when he was playing with his little brother, who did something to vex him, what did this little mad boy do, but run to the table to catch up an iron that the servant had been using, to throw at his brother?

The iron was very hot, so that when he caught hold of it, it burnt his hand so much, that all the skin came off to his fingers' ends; and he had so much pain, that he did not know what to do with himself. Now, though this little boy did not like to feel pain, he had been very willing to give it to his brother; and it was only what he deserved, when it all fell upon himself.

And it almost always does. For, when people allow themselves to get into so great a passion, they do not know what they are doing, and are as likely to do themselves harm as any other person. So I hope this is the last time that I shall ever see Emma in such a humour.

Here comes the tea-urn boiling and smoking! As Emma has been a very good girl all day, and never once been in a bad humour, she must stay and have a little tea, beside her mamma. Draw your chair here and climb upon it, and then mamma will put you close to the table. Now you shall see me make the tea. Look, I am going to put this tea into the tea-pot, and then pour boiling water upon it. It must stand a short time before I pour it out of the tea-pot; so Emma must wait, like a good quiet girl, till it is ready.

Now then, hold your cup; there goes a lump of sugar. Nay, you must not eat the sugar out of your cup, or else your tea would not be sweet, and then I do not think you would like it. Now you see the water is not of the same colour that it was, when I put it into the tea-pot; the tea has made it brown, and would make it taste very bitter, if there was not sugar in it.

Now comes the cream,—nice thick



"As Emma has been a very good girl all day, and never once been in a bad humour, she must stay and have a little tea, beside her mamma." — page 48.

The first part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the State to the President of the United States. The letter is dated the 10th day of the month of January, 1865. The Secretary informs the President that the State has received a copy of the report of the Secretary of the Interior, and that the same has been forwarded to the President. The Secretary also informs the President that the State has received a copy of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and that the same has been forwarded to the President. The Secretary concludes the letter by expressing his respect for the President and his confidence in the success of the President's administration.

The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the State to the President of the United States. The report is dated the 10th day of the month of January, 1865. The Secretary reports that the State has received a copy of the report of the Secretary of the Interior, and that the same has been forwarded to the President. The Secretary also reports that the State has received a copy of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and that the same has been forwarded to the President. The Secretary concludes the report by expressing his respect for the President and his confidence in the success of the President's administration.

cream ! Oh, how good it will be ! Take the tea-spoon and stir it up, and take care not to slop the table. What part of her tea does Emma like best ? The sugar, I dare say. And does she know what sugar is made from ? It is extracted from the sugar-cane, which grows in the West Indies. It is very hard work to get the sugar out of these canes ; which is done by people called negroes. These people are quite black ; their skins are not like ours, but look as though they had been rubbed all over with soot : but, if they were to wash themselves with soap and water ever so long, and scrub themselves ever so hard, they could not make themselves white. They like as well to be black as we do to be white, and would be very happy if they were kindly treated ; but, I am sorry to say, that the white people do not use them well. It is very wrong for white people to behave ill to them because they are black ; for, if it had been a bad thing to be

black, their Heavenly Father would not have made them so.

Now, as we have done tea, Emma may pull the bell for the servant; and I hope she will be as good a girl to-morrow, as she has been to-day, when she will have some tea again with mamma.

The leaves are all beginning to fall off from the trees, and the fruit is left almost bare! We must have the apples and pears all gathered, for they are quite ripe, and will soon fall off, as the leaves have done before them.

We must put the apples by in the store-room, and keep them till winter, when all the other kinds of fruit are gone. Apples then are very useful indeed, to make puddings and pies with; for they will keep longer than any other kind of fruit.

Pears will not keep so long; besides, they are not so useful, because they do not make good puddings: so we must eat them now. Emma shall have one every time she says a pretty lesson, or does her work well. Plums, too, make good pies and puddings, as Emma knows very well; but they will not keep, unless they are boiled up with plenty of sugar.

We must boil them, however, and take care of them, for we shall need a

great deal of fruit before summer comes again. It is autumn now; winter comes next, when the cold frosty air will pinch us, and force us to wrap ourselves up in warm clothes. The rain will be frozen into snow, and will come down like white feathers, and cover the ground. The long sharp icicles will hang from the tops of the houses, and the ponds of water will be frozen into a hard sheet. Then we shall be able to walk out only in the middle of the day; as it will be too dark and cold in the mornings and evenings. But we do not need to care much, as long as we have a good warm fire to sit by; when we can read, talk, or play, to amuse ourselves, we shall not do amiss. By that time I hope Emma will be able to read a little story to mamma, while she works, and mamma will play with Emma in return. People will always be happy, whether it is dark or light, winter or summer, if they are good.

There is a place called Greenland,

where it is never light for a great many months together, and where the weather is much colder than our winters are. Yet the people there are very happy, and like it very much; I dare say they would not leave it to live here, in our very finest and warmest weather. They dress themselves in the skins of wild beasts to keep themselves warm; and they slide along the ice on sledges, drawn by rein deer, and quite enjoy their rides.

They live in small houses called huts, and burn a lamp all day long, to give them light. They never see the sun for a long, long time; so that they are very glad of lamps to give them light. They take great pains in teaching their children to read, for if they could not read, they would be very dull indeed. They are very good people; and, like all good people, they are very happy.

What has Emma to say? I see she is come to tell mamma something! You have let a cup fall, and broken it: well, I am very glad you came to tell me yourself. Whatever Emma does, I hope she will always tell mamma, and be sure always to tell the truth; nothing that you can do is so naughty as to tell a lie. When people learn to tell lies, nobody can believe them, even though they should speak the truth.

I knew a little girl who had learned to tell falsehoods so much, that at last nobody would believe that she spoke the truth. One day, her mamma sent her into the garden to pull two very fine peaches which grew on a tree in the hot-house; and before she went, her mamma told her, that, if she did not touch any of the other fruit in the garden, but only bring those two peaches to her, she would give her one of them for herself.

When this naughty little girl got into the hot-house, and saw the bunches of ripe grapes, she could not withstand

them ; so she climbed upon the hot-bed, and reached a bunch, and ate it in a great hurry. Then she came down, and got the two peaches, and put them into a little basket, which her mother had given her to carry them in. When she got into the house, her mother asked her if she had taken care not to touch any of the other fruit? The naughty little girl, instead of owning her fault, told her mamma that she had not touched any thing but the peaches.

Her mamma, on taking the peaches out of the basket, found the stalk which the grapes had been on, lying at the bottom : the little girl had been in such a hurry, after she had eaten the grapes, to get into the house again, that she had forgotten she had the stalk in her hand, and had dropped it into the basket, along with the peaches. Her mamma, you may be sure, was very angry : and she did not get the beautiful peach, which almost made her mouth water to look at.

Well, another day she was in the gar-

den, and her mamma sent her to bring the key out of the hot-house door, and told her not to go in; she was only to close the door, and lock it, and bring her the key. When she got there, the key was not in the door, so she went in to look for it; for she knew that the reason of her mamma's telling her not to go in was because she was afraid she would pull the grapes. She thought to herself, she would withstand these tempting grapes this time; so she never looked at them, but kept seeking about for the key till her mamma came to see what she was about. When her mamma saw her in the hot-house, she thought her little girl had entered to get the grapes; and she told her that she was sure she had pulled some of them.

The little girl told her that she had not touched one. But, she had so often told lies, that her mamma could not believe her; and she said, "If you had come back as I told you, I should have given you some of these fine plums. But I cannot

believe you, for you tell me stories ; and I am afraid that you have told me one now, so I shall not give you any of the plums." The little girl now found what a sad thing it was to tell stories ; and she resolved with herself never to tell another story ; and then mamma will surely learn to believe her.

It is Sunday, and all good people, who are able, will go to church or chapel to-day, to say their prayers. It is our duty to pray every day; every morning and every evening we ought to say our prayers, before we lie down, and when we get up; and, on Sundays, we ought to go to church, or chapel, or meeting, to join with our friends and neighbours in thanking and praising Him who is the Father of us all. You know I have often told you that God made all of us; and that it is He, who gives us all the good things we enjoy. He makes us to be good and happy, and has great pleasure in seeing us so. It is He who makes the corn to grow that we feed upon, and the fruits and the flowers which give us so much pleasure. He causes the grass to spring up which the horses, and cows, and sheep make use of, that are so useful to us. He bids the sun to shine by day to warm us, and makes every thing look cheerful and

pleasant; and he causes the moon and stars to give us light by night. Without his care and goodness, we could not live a single hour; and, if He should bid us die, we should die that instant, and nothing in the world could keep us alive. And yet He never shows his power by hurting us; He is always kind and good, and comforts and supports us when nothing else can. In return for all this kindness, the only thing he requires of us is, to be grateful to Him, and love him. If we love Him, he knows we will be good, because we should then wish to please Him; and we are sure nothing can please him that is not good. Nobody in the world is half so good as He is. Emma loves her papa and mamma, and thinks them very good and kind; but they are not half so good as God is. He is the greatest, the wisest, and the best of all beings, and it is our duty to love him with all our hearts; and to be good, because we

know that he wishes all his creatures to be happy; and, unless they be good, they can never be happy.

Look, Emma, how that pretty little robin comes and perches upon the ledge of the window! It does not seem at all afraid of us, though we are so near it. Poor robin, what is it you want? Is there no fruit upon the hedges? and have you come for a few crumbs of bread from us? I am sure you shall have them. Emma will be very glad to go into the kitchen and ask for some soft bread, and we will crumble it for you. But take care, Emma; do not lean too far out of the window, lest you should lose your balance and tumble down. If we move a little way from the window, little robin will soon hop in and pick the crumbs off the window-seat. Now, then, here it comes; see how it picks up the crumbs, and turns its little head about every minute to watch lest anybody should come to hurt it. Do not be afraid, little robin, we will not hurt you. My Emma would be very sorry, I am sure, to hurt a pretty little harmless bird! She likes too well

to see you come and eat your crumbs of bread.

Now, then, it has had enough, and it is hopping away. There it goes ; it has perched upon a tree, and is going to give us a song. Pretty little creature, how happy it seems ! It is very grateful for its nice meal. There is no bird so tame as a robin ; all the other birds fly away the moment we come near to them, as if they were afraid we should do them harm, but the little robin seems to say, " I am only a little harmless bird, surely you will not be so cruel as to hurt me ; I want only a few crumbs of bread, and in return I will give you one of my best songs." It is very pleasant to have the robin to stay and sing to us in the winter, when all the other birds have left us ; and we may surely give him a piece of bread in return for his pretty song.

Birds are very much pinched with the cold ; and many of them fly away from this country in the winter, and go to

one that is warmer ; and even when it is not winter, we have sometimes very cold weather, when the poor little birds often get nearly starved.

One very wet day, when Emma was a very little baby, so little that she could neither walk nor speak, and could only hold out her little arms and smile when she saw her mamma, and push herself forward to show that she wanted to go to her ; well, on this cold, wet day, mamma chanced to go to the door, when she saw two poor little birds lying upon the flags in the yard. The heavy rain had washed them out of their nest, which their mother had built in the spout, and they were lying gasping and struggling, and almost ready to die. They had scarcely any feathers on their little bodies, so that they were not able to fly, and the rain came pouring upon them, as if it would drown them ; mamma took them up, and laid them beside the fire to warm them. She wished very much to feed them, and sopped some nice soft bread,

which she had no doubt they would be very glad to eat, for they often opened their bills, and cried as if they were begging very hard for food ; but as soon as ever a crumb of bread was put into their little open mouths, they always shook their heads till they got it out again.

When night came mamma did not know what to do with them, for she could not get them to eat any thing, and she was afraid they would die of hunger before the morning ; all she could do was to leave them in a nice warm room, and take care to close the door quite fast, that the cat might not get in ; for if pussy had seen them, she would have snapped them up as she would do a young mouse. In the morning, when the rain was all over, and every thing looked bright and pleasant, mamma wished very much that she could send the little birds back to their mother again, for she knew that their mother would feed them with pieces of worms which

she would go and pick out of the ground for them. But mamma did not know where to find their mother, and they were not able to fly and seek her; at last mamma thought she would put them on the window-seat, that the warm sun might shine upon and comfort them. When they were laid upon the window-seat, and felt the warm sun basking upon them, they raised their little heads and began to look about them.

It was not long before some larger birds began to fly backwards and forwards before the window, and every time they came the little birds raised their heads and looked at them, as if they meant to say, "Are you our father and mother?" But they put their heads down again after they had looked at them, and seemed to say, "No, no, these are not our kind father and mother, who used to bring us food and feed us so kindly." It was not long, however, before two birds flew past the window that these little nestlings seemed to know

better than any of those that they had seen before. When they flew past, they fluttered their little wings, and gaped their mouths, and chirped very hard for food. Then mamma opened the window very wide, that the old birds might hear them; and it was not long before they did hear them, and they soon knew them to be their children. They came and rubbed their little heads against them two or three times, in the kindest manner, and then they flew away; and it was not long before they came back, and as soon as the little birds saw them, they began to flutter their wings and gape their mouths again. The old birds perched upon the window-frame, and, as soon as the young ones opened their mouths, they dropped a little worm, which the little things seemed very glad to swallow. Then the old birds flew away to get more worms; and so they went on for a great many days, till the little birds began to have more feathers on their wings, and then mamma saw

that their father and mother wanted them to try if they could fly.

One day she stood and watched them a long time, and she saw that one of the old ones came every now and then and rubbed its beak against that of one of the young ones, and then flew a very short distance. It came back again and rubbed its head again, and then flew away once more.

Mamma knew it was teaching its young one to fly, and she watched to see how it would succeed. The next time it came, however, to mamma's great surprise, the little bird seemed to muster all its courage, and off it flew with its mother. As it could not fly far, it soon fell down on the ground; but it was not long before it tried again, and the next time it lighted on a lilac tree, where it seemed to sit very snugly. There was still one bird left in mamma's parlour, and it began to look very uneasy when it was left by itself; but it was not very long before its mother came back for it,

and tried to tempt it the same way as it had done the other, to trust itself in the air. It very soon took flight, and did better than the first, for it flew straight into the lilac bush at once; and mamma was very glad to think the little birds were once more happy with their father and mother.





"Here comes a good little girl, who likes to say her lesson! Emma likes to learn to read, and I am glad she does."— page 69.

Here comes a good little girl, who likes to say her lesson ! Emma likes to learn to read, and I am glad she does ; for they are very stupid people who are not fond of reading. People learn a great deal from books that they could never know by any other way ; as many people are forced to stay at home all their lives, and are never able to travel at all. But if they can read, they have it in their power to know all the wonders which those have seen who have been in foreign countries ; and they can both amuse themselves and other people by reading about them.

Does Emma want to know when she will be able to read such large books as papa and mamma ? I hope by the time that she is a year or two older, she will be able to read almost any book that she sees.

How long is a year, do you say ? It is twelve months. You know how much a week is ; you have learnt the names of the seven days that are in a week—

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Four of these weeks make a month, and twelve months, a year. Each of these four weeks or months has a name; the first is called January, the next February, the next March, the next April, the next May, the next June, the next July, the next August, the next September, the next October, the next November, and the last December; then comes January again, to begin another year. Besides being divided into twelve months, every year is divided into four quarters, or seasons, called Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The middle of Winter is called Christmas, and the middle of Summer, Midsummer. The twenty-first day of June is the longest day in all the year; as the sun shines a longer time, and makes it longer light that day than any other in the whole year. The twenty-first day of December is the shortest day; as the sun is a longer time in rising, and goes down

sooner, on that day, than any other. Midsummer is a very sweet time of the year; as the sun shines upon us from the time we get up in the morning, till we go to bed at night. There is a great deal of fruit ripe at that time, strawberries, and raspberries, and currants, and gooseberries. It is very refreshing when we are hot and thirsty to have some fresh ripe gooseberries or currants to eat—they feel so cool and pleasant to our hot parched mouths.

The flowers, too, are all in their greatest beauty at that time. The roses are then in full bloom, and make our gardens look so gay that we look at them with delight, and wish Midsummer would last for ever. But yet, when Christmas comes, we find that it, too, has its pleasures. When we take a walk in the forenoon of a fine winter's day, and see every thing sparkling with ice, while the clean white snow covers the ground, and hangs from the trees like bunches of feathers; we think winter is a very

pleasant time, and do not care how long it may last. Then we get our friends and neighbours to come and help us to amuse ourselves during the long winter nights. And, as we sit round a bright blazing fire, playing at some agreeable game, we think the winter is as pleasant as any season. Winter is now coming very fast; and I hope my little Emma will have so much pleasure that she will not care how often winter comes again.

Emma, you must not jump upon the sofa with your feet, and dirty mamma's clean cover. If Emma does so, I shall be obliged to send her up into the nursery, and not permit her to come down stairs again to stay with mamma. I am sure she would not like that; for she would not hear half so many pretty stories, or see so many fine things. But I cannot have her here, if she be rude and noisy, and does not attend to what is said to her.

There was once a little girl who had a very bad trick of climbing upon chairs and sofas, and often gave a great deal of trouble to the ladies and gentlemen who sat upon them; so that her mamma could scarcely get any body to come and see her, they were so much afraid of being teased with this naughty little girl.

One day, when her mamma was going to have some company, the little girl heard that a gentleman was coming to show them a great many very pretty birds, and beetles, and butterflies, which

he had brought from some country, at a great distance off. Now, you may be sure, this little girl wished very much to see these pretty things; so that she asked her mamma to let her stay in the drawing-room. Her mother told her, that she should like very much for her to see them, but that she was afraid that if she allowed her to stay in the room, she would annoy all the company. The little girl said, she would take care not to be noisy or rude, if her mamma would but let her stay. Her mother then told her that she might; but, at the same time said, that if she began to climb, or gave trouble in any way, she should be turned out of the room that very instant. Well, for some time she was quiet enough, but, as the gentleman did not show his pretty things just at first, she soon began to tire—for when people are not always good, it is a trouble for them to be so only now and then. So, what do you think she did? why, she climbed up on the back of a lady's chair, and

was going to throw her arms about the lady's neck, like a very rude girl; but, instead of that, in raising her arm, it went against the lady's cap, and knocked it quite off. In a moment her mamma pulled the bell, and sent her out of the room, just at the very minute that the gentleman was opening his box, wherein he had all the curious things; and though she just got a glance at some of the fine colours of the birds, she was not allowed to stay and look at them, but was forced to spend the whole of the evening in the nursery by herself.

Now, what do you think of this silly little girl? Should you not have been very much vexed at losing the sight of so many pretty things, and to have had to stay all the evening in the nursery by yourself?

Here is a pretty new silver thimble for Emma, that mamma has bought for her, because she is a good girl. See, how nicely it fits ! there is no need of paper round her finger to keep it on. Emma must learn to sew with a thimble, or the needle will run into her finger and make it sore. Now hold your needle with the right hand, your work in the left : now lay your work over your fore-finger, and put in a stitch. Oh ! that is too large ; it must be a very, very small stitch, for large stitches look very ugly. It is very useful for little girls to learn to sew, that they may be able to make their own frocks and petticoats, and shirts for their papas and little brothers. What do you say ? shall I teach your little brother to sew when he is old enough ? No : boys do not sew ; they have other things to learn. Your little brother will have to learn to become a doctor, or a lawyer, or a parson, or something of that kind, when he is a big boy. Doctors cure people when they are ill ; lawyers force

them to be just and honest ; and parsons teach them to be good ; so that you see they are all very useful people.

Emma would like to be useful too, and so, I hope, she will be. If she live, she will some day be a tall woman, and then she will be useful in taking care of little boys and girls, as mamma now does. What would Emma and her little brother do, if they had not mamma to take care of them ? And I hope, when Emma is a tall woman, she will be as kind to the little girls she has to live with her, as mamma is now to her. She must teach them to read, and to sew, and to be good.

What ! are you tired of your work already ? Let me see how many stitches you have put in—one, two, three, four, five, six. Well, fold up your work quite straight, and put it into mamma's work-drawer. Now give me your thimble to take care of for you. I cannot trust Emma with it herself till she is a bigger girl ; then she will have a work-bag, and

take care of her thimble, and scissors, and thread-case, herself. Now put on your bonnet, and go and play in the garden.

So Emma has been to see her nurse, and she has given her a cake; it was indeed very kind of her, but she was always kind to Emma, and has often taken a great deal of trouble with her, when Emma was a little baby and could neither speak nor walk. Little babies give a great deal of trouble to those who nurse them; they sometimes want things without being able to tell what they want; and then they cry a long time, which is very painful to their nurses. Then they are often ill, and their mamma or their nurse has to attend to them all night long, without being able to get any sleep themselves; yet nobody grumbles at the trouble which little babies give, because they know that they cannot help it. As they are not able to do any thing for themselves, they must have some one to take care of them.

When little babies are first born, they have no teeth; and, when their teeth begin to grow in their gums, they are often very ill with the pain. They cry a

great deal, and lay their heads on their nurse's shoulder, or on their mamma's bosom, and are not able to take pleasure in any thing. Besides, they can neither eat nor sleep, and their little heads burn like a fire; and they give a great deal of trouble at these times. But every body is glad to do all that they can to give them ease. No one cares for the trouble, if they can give ease to the little helpless sufferer; no one wishes to sleep, if it be awake and in pain.

Then do you not think, Emma, that when these little babies grow big enough to do things for themselves, that they ought to be very glad to make themselves useful? They ought to be glad to learn to do any thing they can, and ought always to be ready to oblige every body. Besides, if little girls are not willing to do for others, they cannot expect that others will be willing to do any thing for them, and then what would become of them? For, though they may not be quite so helpless as when they were

babies, still they can do very little. They would not be able to get any thing to eat if they had nobody to work for them.

What a great many people must work before a little girl can eat a single bit of bread! The farmer must plough the ground and sow the seed; the reaper must cut down the corn; the thrasher must thrash it; the miller must grind it into flour, and the baker must make it into bread. So, you see, unless all these people are willing to work, as the farmer, reaper, thrasher, miller, and baker, there would be no bread for Emma's breakfast. But she gets nice good bread every morning as soon as she comes down stairs, and sweet good milk. She ought then to be ready to make herself useful in return.

What a cold day it is ! let us stir the fire, and keep ourselves warm. There, see how it blazes ! Nothing looks so well in a cold winter's day as a bright blazing fire. It is well for us who have such plenty of good coals to make fires with. In some parts of England, and in some other countries, they are not able to get any coal, and are forced to make their fires of wood and peat. Peat is moss and clay dried together ; it burns very bright and clear for a short time, and is soon over, but our coal fire keeps good for a long time.

Coal is dug out of the earth ; men dig very large deep holes down in the earth, where they think there is coal to be found. This place is called a mine, and a great many men work in it ; they are called colliers, and their work is to dig the coal out of the mine. There are a great many useful things dug out of the earth, of which one is salt ; there are large rocks of salt to be found underground. The place where salt is taken

out is called a mine or pit. There are a great many other mines; such as lead-mines, and copper-mines, and tin-mines, and gold-mines, and silver-mines; but there are no gold or silver mines in this country. Gold and silver are found in a country, a very long way from this, called Peru. Coal, salt, stones, and earth, are called minerals; and gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, and tin, metals. They are all very useful. We burn coal for fires; we rub salt on our meat to make it keep a long time, and put it upon our food to make it taste better; and we build houses with stone. Gold, silver, and copper are used to make money with, and people who are rich often have a great many things in their houses made of gold and silver. All our locks, and bolts, and bars, and a great many other things, which are very useful, are made of iron. Many of our pans are made of tin; and the cistern in the yard, and the spouts which carry the water into the cistern, are made of lead. So you see

what a great many useful things come out of the earth. These things all lie a long way deep in the ground; and at the top there is a light kind of earth called soil; on this the grass and corn grow, and all the flowers, shrubs and trees, which make the country look so pretty. But looking pretty is not all that they are intended for; the grass feeds our cattle, and the corn nourishes ourselves and our horses; flowers and shrubs are useful for medicine, and a great many other things; and trees are cut down for timber, to build ships and houses with. Every thing has its use; for God, who made them all, is too good and too wise to make them for no useful purpose.

I hope Emma does not intend to eat all that rich cake herself: if she do, she will make herself very sick. She had better give her little brother a part, and eat a part herself, and then put the rest aside till to-morrow. I should be very sorry to see Emma eat so much of any thing as to make herself sick, as nobody will then pity her; they will only say she is a little greedy girl, and deserves to be ill. Oh, but I see she is not going to be a greedy girl: mamma must cut it, you say;—very well. Now, this piece is for your little brother, and this for Emma's self, and mamma will put the rest by till to-morrow. Come, now, and I will tell you a story about two little boys, of whom one was called Joe, and the other Tom. One day these little boys went to see their grandmamma, who lived in the country, and when they were coming home after tea, she gave them each a nice rich cake. As soon as ever they had got out of the house, Joe began to eat his as quickly as he could,

and never looked up until it was all done, and after he had eat it all up, he asked his brother what he had done with his? Tom told him that it was in his pocket, and that he did not intend to eat it till he got home. Joe did not think Tom would be able to keep the cake so long in his pocket without eating any of it; so he watched him, and expected every minute to see him take it out and begin to eat it. But he was mistaken, for Tom never once looked at it till he got home. As soon as he got into the house he called his little brother George to him and said, "Come, George, let us go to mamma, and I will ask her to divide this cake between us." Away they went to mamma; she divided the cake into two parts, and then Tom gave one half to George, and kept the other for himself. As they were eating it, Joe came to them, and looked at them with such a greedy eye, that Tom knew very well that he wished for a piece. Tom did not think Joe had any right to it,

for he had never offered him a morsel of his cake when he was eating it; but however, Tom thought he would rather give him a piece than see him look so hard at him; so he broke his piece in two, and gave Joe the half of it. After the cake was eaten, their mamma said to Tom, "Tom, I am so much pleased with you for giving so much of your cake to your brothers, that I will show you this book with its pretty pictures; but Joe may go into the nursery and stay by himself, for he has shown himself a greedy boy, and I do not choose to have him with me."

Joe went away hanging his head, and then their mother opened a large book, which had a great many very curious pictures in it, and showed them to Tom and George. They were very happy as they looked at the pictures, and heard their mamma tell them what they were about. By and by the servant came into the parlour to say that Joe was ill, so their mamma was forced to go up stairs.

She told them, however, before she went, that, as they were two such good little boys, she would trust them to look at the pictures by themselves, only they must be careful not to tear the leaves, but turn them over very gently. George said he would let Tom turn the leaves over, as he was the oldest—so their mamma left them, without being afraid of their doing any mischief.

When she got into the nursery, she found Joe very sick and ill, and he looked at his mother with a very piteous face. She said, “I am not at all sorry for you, Joe; because you have made yourself sick with being such a greedy boy, and you deserve to suffer.” She then gave him some camomile tea to drink, which he did not at all like, but he was forced to swallow it. Now, does not Emma think Tom was a great deal happier with only a part of his cake, than Joe was with his whole one?

Here is a large piece of water,—a much larger piece of water than ever Emma saw before! Look how the waves dash against the rocks, and the large ships sail upon it! This is called the sea: the water is salt, and in some places very deep. The water that we have at home is called a river; it is not so broad or deep as this, nor has it such large waves which roll one over another.

You may stretch your eyes as far as ever you can, as it is still a great deal wider than you can see. Sailors often sail upon the sea, for days, weeks, and months, before they see any land. They sail away to far distant countries, and bring us things that we have not in our own. But they often suffer great hardships at sea; as, when the wind blows very hard, it makes the sea so rough, that it dashes the ship about from one side to another. Sometimes ships are dashed to pieces, and the poor sailors are drowned. We are much obliged to the men who venture upon the sea to

go to the countries which are such a long way off, and bring us so many nice things. If it were not for them, we should have no tea, sugar, coffee, rice, raisins, currants, nor many other fine things which they bring from abroad.

There are a great many strange things in the sea ; among these are fish as large as that ship which you see sailing along there ; those fish are called whales. But though they are so large, they are very harmless, and will do no hurt to any body. They live in the sea which is near that very cold country that I told you of, and which is called Greenland. Then there is another fish which is not by a quarter so large as the whale, but it is much more terrible. It has a very large mouth, and so wide a throat that it can swallow a man, and its teeth are so sharp that it can bite off a man's arm or his leg in a moment.

They call this fish a shark. It lives in the seas which are near hot countries, and often comes when people are

bathing, when sometimes it has nipped off a man's head, or bit him in two pieces. We have no such fish as these in our seas; they are all very harmless, and many of them are very pretty; so that we do not need to be afraid to bathe; for the poor little fish will be afraid of us, and will swim away as fast as they can, when we go near them, but we need not be afraid of them.

I will take Emma down to the sand which is by the sea-side, and there let her seek for shells. There are there a great many pretty shells to be found; these shells were once houses for little fishes to live in, which, when they get too large for their shells, they leave them and get larger ones. The empty shells are then washed up by the waves, and it is very amusing to gather them. See, what a great many different kinds there are, and how prettily they are polished and marked!

Men go to sea in boats and catch fish

for our food; these men are called fishermen: and Emma likes very much to eat the nice fish which they bring us.

Do not hurt the poor little flies, Emma: they will do you no harm, and I should be very sorry to see you hurt them. All the harm they can do us is to spoil our meat, if they can get to it, by laying their eggs upon it; so that we must take care not to let them get into our pantries.

There was a naughty boy who was very fond of hurting the poor little harmless flies; he used to pull off their wings, and then laugh to see them creep about, poor little things, without being able to fly. Many people told him that it was naughty in him to hurt the poor flies in this manner, but he did not mind what they said.

One day, however, this cruel boy was walking in a field, and a great bull came running up to him, and took him up with its horns, and tossed him over its head. He was thrown a long way up into the air; and then as he came down the bull caught him up on his horns again, and threw him a great deal

further. It is hard to tell how long the bull would have knocked him about, if some men had not come and got him out of its way. When they took him home, they found that both his arms were broken, and he was sadly bruised and wounded all over. People were not half so sorry for him as they would have been, if he had not been such a cruel boy. They said to him, "Perhaps you will learn now to feel for the poor little flies, when you see them creeping about without wings. You were just as cruel to them as the bull was to you, and it was a much greater fault in you than in it; for the bull did not know any better, but you were able to understand that you were giving pain."

Now I will tell you another story about a good little boy. This boy that I am going to tell you about now, was very kind-hearted, and did not like to see any thing hurt or made uneasy. If he saw a fly drowning in his milk, he always got a spoon and took it out; and would

put it first on one dry place, and then on another, till its little wings were quite dry, and it was able to fly away again. If he at any time walked into the country, and saw a snail creeping across his path, he always took care to step aside, and he would often buy the birds which idle boys had caught in traps, and let them go, that they might fly back to their woods again.

One day this little boy was standing near some water, when he saw a little duck struggling in it. Some naughty boy had hurt its wing with a stone, so that it was not able to swim, and it was almost drowned. This little boy, who did not like to see any thing hurt, got upon a large stone which lay in the water, to try if he could reach the duck, to get it out of the water; but, as he reached too far, his foot slipped, and he tumbled into the water himself. I am afraid this good little boy would have been drowned, if a man had not seen him, who jumped into the water in a

minute, and brought him out in his arms. When the little boy found himself safe on the dry land again, he turned to the man, and said, "How good you were to come and take me out of the water!" The man said, "My good little boy, I would do that and a great deal more for one who is so good and kind as you are. You deserve to be helped; because you are so ready to help any thing that you see is in distress. Always be kind-hearted as you are at present, and you will be sure to find people to be kind to you in return."

Get up, little sleepy girl: it is full time for you to get out of bed. The lark has been singing for a long time in the sky: and the milk-maid has brought home her nice warm milk for your breakfast. It is not good for people to lie long in bed. It makes them lazy, and heavy all the day; and nobody likes lazy people, as you know. Did you ever hear of the Sloth? It is a creature that every body dislikes, because it is so sluggish. It climbs up a tree, and there it stays, day and night, as long as there is a single twig for it to eat; and, after the leaves are all devoured, and it has nothing left to eat, it still will not move, till it be forced, by hunger, to come down. Then, down it tumbles, and creeps along, as lazily as can be, to another tree. It is very unlike the little active squirrel that skips about from tree to tree, to gather its nuts, and then sits and cracks them so merrily.

Little girls ought to be like squirrels, and skip about and be happy. Every

body likes to see little girls happy ; for then they are sure they are good ; as nobody can be happy unless he is good.

There was once a little girl who was so silly as to think she could be naughty without being unhappy ; she fancied if she did naughty things without any body knowing it, she need not care for them ; for, if nobody knew, there would be none to punish her ; and unless she were punished, there would be nothing to make her unhappy. But she proved herself to be a very silly little girl indeed, when she thought in this way ; for, after she had done any thing that she knew to be wrong, even though she was sure nobody had seen her, she kept fancying always that her fault had been found out. Whenever her papa or mamma began to speak to her, she was always afraid they were going to tell her of it ; and she used to tremble as much as though she were quite sure they were going to punish her. So you see this little silly girl soon found that she could

not be naughty without being unhappy.

So you wish me to talk to you about my little dog, Bijon. Well, then, come and sit upon my knee, and I will tell you about it. This is a nice time for talking; it is too dark for mamma to see to sew, and we are waiting for papa to come in to his tea before we light the candles. Emma likes this time of the evening, I know, when mamma takes her little girl on her knee, and tells her pretty stories;—but now for Bijon. I have often told you what a very pretty little dog it was, and how mamma could put it into her muff, and carry it on her arm a long way without being tired. It was as white as snow, and its hair was soft and curly as fine silk; its tail was thick and bushy, and it used to curl it over its back when it was walking, and made it look just like a little squirrel's tail. But little Bijon's beauty was not the best thing about it: the thing which made mamma like it most, was its good

temper and fidelity. If mamma had been out, little Bijon would come running to meet her when she came home again, just as Emma does now ; it would rub its head against her feet, wag its tail, and make a noise, as if it was trying to say, “ Oh, how glad I am to see you ! I have thought you were very long in coming back again.” If it wanted any thing to eat, it used to set itself upright upon its hindmost legs, and hold out its fore paws together, as if to say, “ Pray, be so good as to give me some food.” There was nothing made it so happy as that mamma should take it out a walking in the fields with her ; as it did not like the town. It always seemed afraid when it was in the streets, lest somebody should pick it up, and take it away from its mistress. But when it was in the fields, it used to run bounding along, and then come running back to meet her ; as if it meant to say, “ I only pretended to leave you ; I would be very sorry to run away from so good

a mistress, and not come back again. It would take hold of the hem of my gown, and shake it, as if it were very angry; and then off it would run again.

Mamma was in hopes that her pretty little dog would have lived with her a great many years; but one day, when it had been walking out with mamma, it had come into the house with dirty feet, and a cruel servant was so angry at having her lobby dirtied, that she gave it a blow with a brush, and broke its back. I do not think she meant to hurt it so much; but she did not consider what a little slender back it had, and how very easily it could be broken. Mamma was very much grieved to see her nice little dog dying in so much pain; and could almost have cried, when she saw it look up in her face, in a wistful manner, and seem to say, "Can my kind mistress do nothing to give me ease?" Mamma was not able to do any thing for it: so, poor Bijon licked her hands, and then laid his head upon her lap, and died.

There goes seven o'clock! the time for all little tired girls to go to bed. Oh, I see the little girl yawns, and is very sleepy; well, kiss papa, and we will go up stairs. We do not need any candle; the moon shines very bright, quite convenient to show little girls to bed. You want to know why the moon is not here to light you to bed every night. The reason is, because it keeps travelling round about the world; and, when it is not here to light Emma, it is gone to the other side of the world to light some other good little girl. But then it comes back to Emma again. At first, it only just peeps at her, and is so thin that we can hardly see it. Then it gets rounder and rounder every night, till it becomes large, full, and bright; such as it is to-night. It will soon begin to grow less and less every night, just as it grew bigger before, till it be all gone out of our sight. But it does not stay long away; it soon comes back to us, as it did before, and cheers us with its mild soft

beams. When the moon is away, we still have the pretty bright stars, which look like so many spangles all over the sky. They keep continually twinkling, and seem as if they first popped out their heads and then took them in again. They sometimes almost look as though they were playing at bo-peep. There is one star which is almost always to be seen, and is always in the same place. Look up, and you will see a little bright star just above the window ; that is called the North star. It is very useful to the poor sailors, when they are a long way out at sea, far away from any land ; as they can tell, by that star, whereabouts they are, and which course they ought to steer. Was not God very good to give them such a star to guide them on their way ? He was, indeed ! He is always good at all times, and to every body. Then kneel down, my dear little girl, and pray to that kind and good Being, that he may watch over you while you sleep,

and guard you from harm. Now, then, good night! Close your eyes, and go to sleep.

FINIS.











